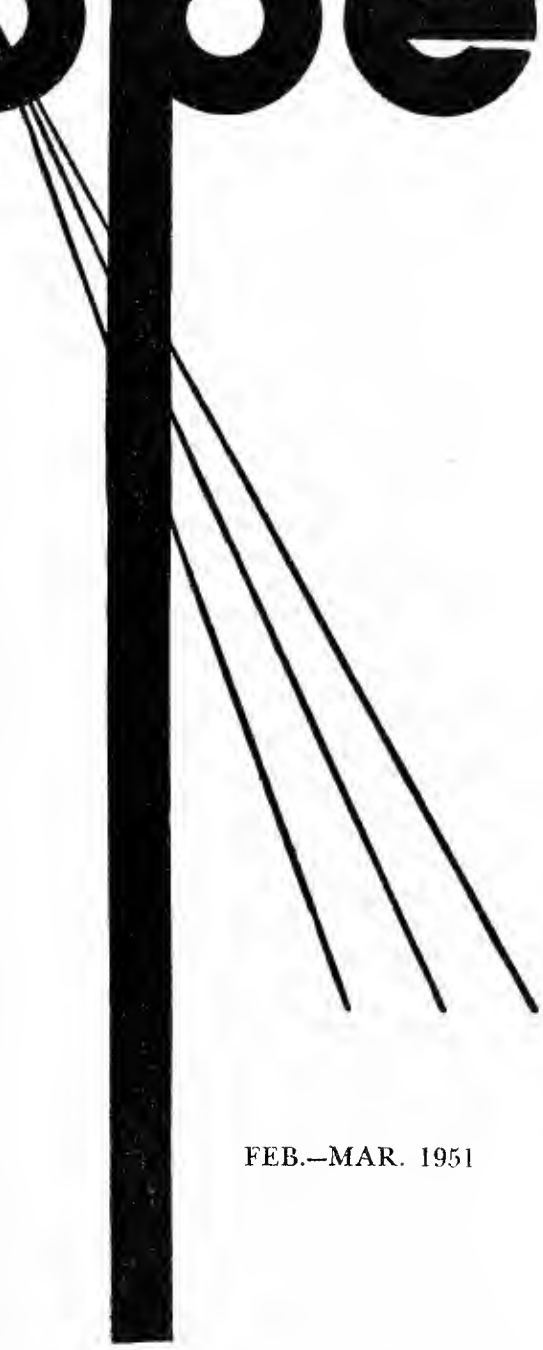
The Scope



FEB.—MAR. 1951

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY

THE SCOPE

Volume XXII Number 2

FEB.—MAR. 1951

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BEAUTY AND PERFORMANCE COMBINED IN ZYL AND GOLD FILLED

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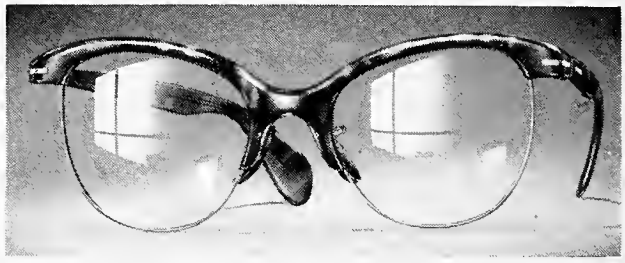


Eye Sizes	*Bridge Sizes*			
44 mm.	16 mm.	18 mm.	20 mm.	
46 mm.	16 mm.	18 mm.	20 mm.	22 mm.
48 mm.	18 mm.	20 mm.	22 mm.	

COLORS: Demi-Amber, Demi-Blond, Pink Crystal.
**Eyewires are 1/10 12K White Gold Filled.*

SIMPLE: Normal procedure for lens insertion simply involves removal of one screw to release end of eyewire at temporal side.

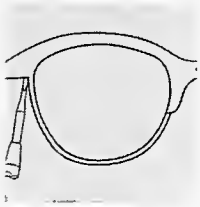
VERSATILE: For more difficult prescriptions, eyewire is easily withdrawn by removal of just two screws at nasal portion.

TOUGH: Eyewire fits firmly into recesses at temporal and nasal sides—but retains a taut flexibility to resist shock.

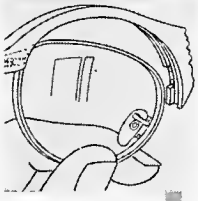
DURABLE: New three-barrel hinge construction provides greater holding power and more accurate fitting of parts.

COMFORTABLE: New Contour Temples are easily adjustable for accurate fit and comfort. Tips slip easily through a woman's hair.

simple



versatile



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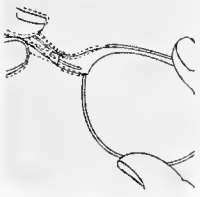

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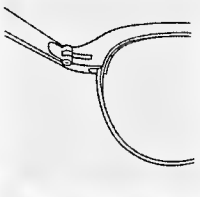
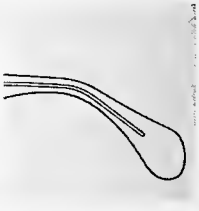


comfortable



American Optical COMPANY

SCENES AT DEDICATION

Photos by Bill Myers

Eulogy To Late President Klein

The Massachusetts College of Optometry is mourning the death of our late and beloved President, Dr. Herman L. Klein, who died suddenly at 9:00 a. m., January 22, at the age of 74.

Dr. Klein, the son of August A. Klein, M. D., founder of the Klein School of Optics, which became the Massachusetts College of Optometry, was graduated from the Klein School in 1897, and had been a practising optometrist since that date. He held Optometry Registration No. 556, and was one of the oldest practising optometrists in Boston.

He served as treasurer of the Massachusetts School of Optometry from 1909 to 1946, when, after the death of his brother, the late President Theodore F. Klein, he assumed the presidency, a position which he held until his death.

Those who were fortunate enough to have been associated with him, as I was, grew very fond of him for his genial and understanding manner. He was held in high esteem by his fellow trustees of the College.

He can truly be considered a martyr to the cause of the College, for in spite of his failing health he directed the renovating and furnishing of our new quarters in the Horace Mann Building. His idea and mechanical prowess can be seen throughout the new building.

The administration and faculty join with me in expressing our sympathy to his family and his many friends.

RALPH H. GREEN, *Dean*

Television and the Optometrist

By Dr. Harold Cline

PART III

A common visual complaint by the television observer is glare, which is nothing more than excessive brightness in the field of view, so as to cause visual discomfort.

Glare, as far as televiewing is concerned, results from too much brightness from the picture as compared to that of the surroundings. This may be eliminated by adjustment of the illumination within the room. Also an adjustment of the brightness control knob of the television set might be necessary.

For best results as far as acuity and comfort are concerned, the lateral illumination should be about 5 - 10% of that of the picture. This can be accomplished by a lamp of small wattage which *indirectly* illuminates the surroundings.

Another disturbing feature reported by some individuals is the appearance of "snow" in the picture area. This condition is the result of poor reception which may or may not be improved upon.

As television waves travel practically in straight lines, the curvature of the earth imposes the horizon as the practical limit of receptions. In view of this it is quite evident that the higher the transmitting and receiving antenna, the greater the range. Also the more sensitive the receiving antenna the greater the range.

Therefore, if we utilize a high sensitive receiving antenna, it is quite possible to eliminate much of this unnecessary "snow" which can be extremely annoying at times.

A number of viewers complain about a ghost image which is very distracting as they look about the room. This ghost image is nothing more than the after image of the television picture which is the result of the viewing habit of the individual.

An after image is a visual sensation which occurs after the actual physical stimulus is removed. It may not be possible to eliminate this phenomenon entirely but it can be minimized by altering the viewing conditions. That is, by decreasing the contrast between the picture and the surroundings and by occasionally glancing around the room will minimize the ghost image.

Distortion of objects and individuals on the screen is a very common complaint by the average televiewer. Assuming the television receiver is in proper adjustment, distortion is beyond the control of the viewing audience.

The primary cause of distortion is the angular position with respect to the object or objects being viewed. Since the focal length of the camera for a given distance is constant and since the object distance for various parts of the object is variable, it, therefore, must mean we have a variable magnification which is nothing more than distortion. The optical system of the camera may also contribute towards the distortion of the image which is finally seen on the television screen.

Much has been said and written about the proper viewing distance to obtain maximum visual efficiency.

At first it was suggested (for reasons most obscure) that the viewing distance in feet should equal the size of the television tube in inches. For example, a 16′ distance for a 16″ tube, a 12′ distance for a 12″ tube, etc. When it was quite apparent that these distances were in excess of what was actually required, others advocated a viewing distance in feet equal to the height of the screen in inches. This assumed that the screen was rectangular, and the viewer either measured the vertical dimension or realized the vertical dimension is ¾ the horizontal.

While these latter distances are an improvement over the original suggestions. I will present for your consideration my opinions based on actual, theoretical and practical ex-

(*Please turn to page* 16)

ETHICS

By Lawrence Carmen, '52

Just recently I found myself presented with a bill from a local dentist for work that was done on my wife's teeth. This man charged for four fillings and a cleaning and the time that he spent in doing this work was in total—25 minutes. What a capable practitioner! There is only one thing wrong and that is—no man can do the work he claimed in that amount of time. If he did do it, then he prescribed Plus .25 to a perfect Emmetrope with no muscle imbalances. Here is the place for the fiery looking bearded sage to cry, "The Wrath of God shall fall upon his head." Having no beard, I can only direct the wrath of a cheated patient at his head, which I hope shall be sufficient.

This situation seems to be the universal style. If we look at our politics, we find it running rampant there. In Maryland, Tydings was defeated by a composite photograph of Earl Browder and himself having a good time talking to each other. This was a phoney picture. In New York there was the "Great Conspiracy." In Washington there is good old McCarthy. If we look at business we also see a ton of produce raised in price twice the amount when the cost has only gone up forty or fifty percent. There is the merchant who sells a pound of potatoes at a premium price, and only two potatoes are rotten. How about the fellow who sells stocks to a gold mine only sixty feet under water. If we look at some of our friends they are the first to push us up when we are going up, and the first to grind their heel in our face when we are going down. And then there is the dentist who——.

Look at all of these. Are they unethical acts committed by ethical people, or are they unethical acts committed by unethical people. Ethical is such a polite term, for this is really cheating and robbing hypocracy. It is the character of the person that determines his ethics. It is his humaneness, his integrity, his charm, his decency that determine

(*Please turn to page* 16)

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From the Guest Editor - - -

For a long time now I've been bothered by a habit we students of M.C.O. have formed. I am referring to the habit of kicking and griping at everything that displeases us even slightly. I call it a habit because it has become just that. Criticism is good, if it is constructive and is properly used. We have the privilege to criticize, let us not abuse it. We have a student council to take our gripes and suggestions to the proper authorities. Surely you have heard all this before. I am thinking of this problem from another point of view. We take habits formed at school, outside the doors of the school. What sort of impression are we giving of ourselves, of our school, and of our profession to those outside optometry. I am sure all of you agree, we have enough mud aimed in our direction without us adding to it. Think about this the next time you want to criticize.

In our new home, let's start on a new road, a road of praise and of boosting. Instead of looking for things to gripe about, let us rather

(*Please turn to page* 16)

WORDS OF WISDOM

By Dr. Harold Cline

The following quotations are a few of the many that I have collected during the past few years. We would all benefit, I am sure, by reading them over and applying the thought behind each quotation to our individual case.

Remember that life's length is not measured by its hours and days, but by that which we have done for our country and kind. A useless life is short if it lasts a century. We may do much in a few years, and we may do nothing in a lifetime.—Albert Pike.

The best medicine for discontent and discouragement is useful occupation. You are in the world to make something of yourself, to develop your powers and abilities for worthy use, to render substantial service to your fellow men. . . . Life is rich with opportunity, and you elect for yourself every morning whether the day will be fruitful of results or not.—Grenville Kleiser.

Dollars are banked by those who aren't forever depositing their quarters on easy chairs.—Wall Street Journal.

If thou are a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fuller.

Let thy speech be better than silence—or be silent.—Dionysius.

Humility leads to strength and not to weakness. It is the highest form of self-respect to admit mistakes and to make amends for them.—John J. McCloy.

Being ungrateful for what you get never gets you more.—Arnold Glasgow.

The purpose of education is to develop competence, curiosity and conscience. —George Tomlinson.

If we are to preserve civilization, we must first remain civilized.—Louis St. Laurent.

It is necessary to try to surpass one's self always; this occupation ought to last as long as life.—Queen Christina.

Pi Omicron Sigma

By Milton Insuik

Now that finals are over and forgotten, it is once more time to take stock of the recent events in P.O.S. Naturally, much of our time was taken up with studying (?) but we still found ample opportunity for social and fraternal activities.

At the outset I would like to express the heartfelt sympathy of the officers and members of Pi Omicron Sigma concerning the death of Pres. Herman L. Klein. We realize that the school and the students lost a dear friend, and it will be very difficult to fill his place. His work and efforts will always remain in the hearts of all who were associated with him.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 13, P.O.S. held its annual Winter Party. This year it was held in the appropriate atmosphere of Obert's Bungalow. Although the weather outside was frightful, the party inside was delightful. The way the Charmer was tending bar it is amazing that more of the boys did not contract aniridia. As it was, Gil Freedman and Bill Holzwasser had to ask someone to drive their cars home.

Continuing the practice of presenting outstanding lectures to the student body of M.C.O., Dr. Paul Cline delivered a talk on the Neurology of Vision on Wednesday, Feb. 7, under the auspices of P.O.S. Being a former teacher of our shcool, he is well known by all and his lecture was one of particular interest to all who attended.

Our last night meeting was held at the Ritz Plaza in the form of a stag party. It is amazing how fast we can actually conduct our business meeting when there are more lucrative affairs to tend to. By the way that some of the pledges applied themselves to the extra-curricular activities, some of the veteran brothers still have a lot to learn. Pledges Kauderer and Bagdigian showed that they had been previously introduced to their 52 friends, while brothers Nasrallah and Zolot probably wished that they had never met them.

A highlight on the winter social calendar was the Valentine Party. This gala affair was held at the Copley Plaza on Feb. 17 with everyone who is someone at M.C.O. present. The committee was gratified by the large number of students, faculty and friends who attended to make this party a success. The spirit of Valentine's Day was in evidence everywhere with novel ideas for games and entertainment. The music was provided by Alan Kay and his orchestra, which features Al Kurland, a pledge of P.O.S. This year's Valentine Party was a revival of an old custom and by the way that all the Jimmy Valentines and their sweethearts enjoyed themselves it gave proof of becoming a permanent fixture on our calendar.

Through the efforts of pledge Abe Shapiro the fraternity now has its own mimeograph machine and work will soon commence on a P. O. S. newspaper. Also, now that we have a frat room in the school, plans are being made to furnish it for the convenience and benefit of all our members.

Our basketball team has completed its first year of formal competition and I think it should be commended on its excellent performance. With the advent of warmer weather, thoughts will be turning to softball and inter-frat competition. Also, with the approach of spring, a young man's fancy turns to . . . . . but wait, if I hope to be back next month, I'll have to curb mine and collect my wits, and I'll be seeing you.

Don't Miss the . . .

SCHMOO DANCE

SPORT - LITES

By Marty Friedman and Mel Kaplan

After winning their last three games, the last two of which were won in closing minute rallies and by one basket, the M.C.O. basketball team was finally edged out by Newton Junior College at Newton High gymnasium, 55-53. Going into the final stanza, Newton led by 13 points, confident of the outcome of the game. But just then the M.C.O. quintet started to roll and with Dick Tacelli doing most of the scoring the lead was narrowed down to 3 points with four minutes to play. The next few minutes saw very even scoring until, with one minute to play, Rice of Newton shook loose for a two-pointer and the Junior College five led 55-49. Then Marty Friedman dropped in a lay up shot and declined the foul so that with seconds to play Irv Horwitz swished in a set shot from mid court and the final buzzer sounded with the score 55-53.

Joe Rice's 18 points was high for the winners while Joe Eiduks topped the M.C.O. scoring with 13 points. The score at half-time was 30-20 in favor of Newton.

Mass. College of Optometry	G	F	TP	Newton Junior College	G	F	TP
Tacelli, rf	6	0	12	Livingston, rf	5	1	11
Friedman, rf	3	1	7	Rogers, rf	1	0	2
Borsky,	5	0	10	Buckley, lf	0	0	0
LaChance, lf	0	0	0	Small, lf	3	1	7
Eiduks, c	5	3	13	Rice, c	6	6	18
Slotnick, rg	0	1	1	Silverman, c	0	0	0
Tarullo, rg	0	0	0	Rycroft, rg	4	6	14
Horwitz, lg	3	4	10	Little, rg	0	0	0
Wheeler, lg	0	0	0	McGill, lg	0	2	2
Sica	0	0	0	Cederlund, lg	0	1	1
Green	0	0	0	Morley, lg	0	0	0
	22	9	53		19	17	55

* * *

The Massachusetts College of Optometry basketball team, after racking up a 21-7 lead in the first period of their game with Oxford Business College, went on to lose, 81-73. During the first half it looked as though M.C.O. was going to break the nine-game winning streak of a powerful Oxford team, but due to their fine second half play and the fouling out of Horwitz, Eiduks and Tacelli, the visitors just couldn't do it. Marty Borsky was the high scorer for the night with 30 points, which broke the all time M.C.O. scoring record previously held by Joe Eiduks with 24 points, and Irv Horwitz with 27 points. Joe Nagel topped the Oxford scorers with 24 points. The half-time score was 26-26.

Mass. College of Optometry	G	F	TP	Oxford Business College	G	F	TP
Tacelli, rf	2	0	4	Solitto, rf	3	4	10
Friedman, rf	5	1	11	Ruffin, rf	6	7	19
Borsky, lf	12	6	30	Armstrong, rf	0	0	0
Sullivan, lf	2	1	5	Burdick, lf	2	1	5
Eiduks, c	3	2	8	Strager, lf	0	0	0
Slotnick, rg	2	1	5	Calman, lf	3	2	8
Tarullo, rg	1	0	2	Nagle, c	10	4	24
Horwitz, lg	3	2	8	Jukins, rg	6	2	14
Kaplan	0	0	0	Buell, lg	0	1	1
Green	0	0	0				
	30	13	73		30	21	81

* * *

Leading 42-30 at half-time, the Massachusetts College of Optometry basketball team went on to freeze the ball in the closing minutes of the game and win a 75-72 decision over the New England College of Pharmacy. Joe Eiduks and Marty Friedman were the high scorers for M.C.O. with 26 points and 19 points respectively. Much credit should be given to Dick Tacelli for his brilliant defensive play.

Mass. College of Optometry	G	F	TP	N. E. College of Pharmacy	G	F	TP
Tacelli, rf	0	5	5	Faulkner, rf	4	0	8
Eiduks, lf	12	2	26	Shapiro, rf	2	1	5
Friedman, c	7	5	19	Cort, lf	0	0	0
Borsky, rg	4	0	8	Kaplan, c	4	0	8
Kaplan, rg	2	0	4	Puval, rg	4	2	10
LaChance, lg	6	1	13	Feldman, rg	7	5	19
Green, lg	0	0	0	Motyka, lg	1	0	2
				Tassinari, lg	10	0	20
	31	13	75		32	8	72

JUNIOR JABS

By Dan Tarullo

It has been so long since this column has appeared that there should be a wealth of news: if there is, how about telling us about it.

Notwithstanding this, the following are the major happenings since our last column was rejected for publication:—We have moved from the cramped but intimate quarters of 285 Huntington Avenue to our new spacious and beautiful home at one-hundred seventy-eight Newbury St. You know, the place with the nervous parking meters in front of it. And, by the way, we either need a warning buzzer in the basement or an elevator installed. We had a couple of mid-year quizzes, from which no one has recovered—it says here. One or two fellows have had their laboratory, shop and clinical sections changed. There have been millions of applicants for orthoptic internships—see the bulletin board for assignments. An installation of a brand new course—Visual Psychology, given from 4-6 and the swing shift, 7:30-9:30. And of course, Zolot has gone off the deep end—or maybe that isn't news.

On Saturday, March 24, 1951, at seven P. M. Mr. Thomas Cochary will take the hand of Miss Virginia Faye in marriage. The best to you!!!

Recently Fran Godfrey and Cam Damiano decided to do the town. After considering all of the night spots in greater Boston, they chose to go out of town. As a result, the Coral Gables in N. Weymouth was graced with their presence on a recent Saturday evening. The big event of the evening was the presentation of the door prize to our illustrious classmate, Frances—congratulations Francine. Wha' hoppened Dotty, where were you at?

FLASH—Scoop of the month. Sam's dog has been house broken; from now on Mrs. Wasserman will not have to spend the greater part of her day chasing Beagle the Bagel around the house with a damp cloth.

What's this, with all of the mustachos all of a sudden; thank goodness that Horwitz, Shapiro and Zuckerbraun got rid of theirs; incidentally, this past week end Irv's engagement was made official to that lovely Philly. Dr. Wasserman informs us that we have several Grosses running around loose in the building. Richard—the instructor; Robert—the freshman; Israel—no official title, and no official title's brother, Abe. There are two Greens: Ralph, the dean, and Sid, the freshman. There are two Wassermans: Sam—the man, and Jerry—the freshman. Two Bakers, Thom the optician, Barry the sophomore (if you'll pardon the expression).

And as of December 19, 1950, we have two Walters in the college. Miss Edna, our new secretary, and Walter Taranto—the girl's boy.

FINANCIAL REPORT JUNIOR CLASS
Ending Dec. 31, 1951

Bank Deposit	$379.68
Petty Cash	2.97
Total Cash	$382.65

DUES BOOK

Total Cash at End of Sophomore Year	$329.75
Dues Collected, Sept. to Dec., 1950	125.00
Bank Interest	1.09
Back dues (Sept., 1949 to May, 1950) collected	1.00
	$456.84
Expenses, Sept. to Dec., 1950	74.19
Total Cash	$382.65

DUES OUTSTANDING

Back Dues (Sept., 1949 to May, 1950)	2.50
Sept., 1950	6.50
Oct., 1950	8.00
Nov., 1950	16.00
Dec., 1950	23.00
	$55.00

Cusumano, Emeric D.
Treasurer

WINTER MEMORIES

By R. Knecht

I miss the virgin cap of snow
That covers up a head of sod,
To bid, "Hello", to Crystal-Queens
Who dance upon the nipping air,
And touch their wands on ballet toes.

I miss the roasting of the spuds
That taste so good to frozen teeth;
To warm my hands above the fire,
And smell the burning of the wood
That crackles like the cricket's call.

I miss the snowflakes, sown like pearls:
(Pure laughter from the icy Dame.)
Each shrub and tree is kissed above,
Sparkle and gleams, and sings delight,
Is tucked in tight and told to sleep.
I miss the skaters on the lake
Who waltz with cheerful, rosy smiles,
Beneath a moon that lights their way,
And haunts my heart, and steals my dreams:
The memories of this Winterland.

FOREST'S MELODY

By R. Knecht

My moulded Venus,
(In threaded moonlight),
With smooth paleness,
And pungent hair,
—Sings wild airs
In language quaint:—

I hear the humming harps
Of water's laugh,
Through forest's magic glen,
And drink the beauty
Of my Queen,
With toasts
Of golden merriment.

The sounds of night
Are jolly:
With little deer and tiny squirrels,
(The happy wooded babes),
And owls' hoots, a chipmunk's wink,
The crickets' chirping chant,
And all the tots of joy,
Are celebrating naiveté.

SOPH SOBBINGS

By Addison & Steele

"Professionalism may be entertained through circumstance of many virtuous perceptions"—A. and S.

After many a weary campaign, the cold-war has finally subsided with the enemy battle-wagon, "Hypertropia," and a treaty has been drawn up, giving us the privilege to sail the seas another six months. This infamous pact stipulates, however, such a high tariff for the use of the new shipping rights, talk has it, many of the crew may join the Army, just for spite.

Larry Siegel has finally "cracked-up" under the strain of past operations. When last seen, he was singing at the top of his voice: *"The Cribiform is waiting for the Crista galli way, while the clinoid process deepens, and the Pterygoid is gay. The Maxillary opens to the Ethmoid, Palatine, and the Septum of the Nasal, is the Sella that I mean."* We are all wondering, who will be next?

Sorrowful Sheldon Winard and Silent Charley Crowley have finally formed a professional partnership. They haven't obtained an office as yet, but you can usually locate these enterprising young business-men anytime during the day, perched on their knees, angling for lost coins, above the cellar gratings of only the finest and well-known showplaces of our Hub city. Their meager equipment consists of a stone, a string, and a wad of gum. Lots of luck, men! We expect big things from you; don't let us down.

A decided challenge was tendered forth by the ship's psychiatrist concerning the perverted use of the bumble bee. We are happy and honored to report that our own Herb Aaron has succeeded in seducing and satisfying a queen bee suffering from nymphomania. Congratulations, Herb, and we hope those painful stings are soon alleviated. If you speak to him in private, Herb will brag about the sordid details of this illicit adventure. Gosh—what a man!

Ray Phillips has given up his bedpan for something more worthy of his professional talent. Ray has made his debut as a trombonist in front of Raymond's department store with the Salvation Army. He has a great range and his clarity of tone is unbeaten. During intermission he does a mean tambourine solo. Since his most welcomed appearance, donations to the "army" have soared skyward.

"Wild-Bill" Coniaris has done it again! Watch out Charlie Chaplin and Errol Flynn! Bill is a real threat to your prowess. It seems that the Casanova Kid has gotten himself involved in another paternity suit. Bill claims he is innocent but the overwhelming evidence is going against him. The prosecution has summoned a prominent Back Bay physician to explain the blood groups to the unenlightened jury. These explanations have been going on for weeks now but the jury is still confused as to the significance of this critical test.

Being on shore for quite some time, the ship's purser deemed it necessary that blood tests be given to all if only to check the proof of each one's blood. During the hurried process of typing, quite by accident, coincidence, fate, or whatever you want to call it, it was discovered one of the crew had the blood cells, not of a human, but a rare species of an Old-World orang-outang. As the records were lost, it is impossible to determine just *who* is masquerading. It may be any one of us, but the ship's commander, whose blood was also typed, will not order another examination.

Till we refract again: stay *WITH THE RULE.*

A. and S.

THE FROSH CORNER

By Abe Shapiro

Well, comrades, it's all over. We've finally made it (?). Another barrier on our voyage to some state board examination has been hurdled. The endless, tedious nights (and mornings) of studying are now history and the aromas of Benzedrine and black coffee upon our breaths, which characterized that dark period of infamy, is slowly giving way to the more natural and familiar scent of marijuana.

Your reporter, thinking of himself always as a public servant, visited the many rooms in which our fellow classmates were cramm—pardon me, indulging in the judicious task of acquiring knowledge and finds that his nights are still disturbed by the chaotic signs of despair, confusion and ignorance which confronted him.

The first door opened to him, after the correct password was given, was the domicile of Messrs. Fountain, La Chance, La Plante, and Plante, the 16th regiment of the National Guard, and the Boston division of the Salvation Army. Upon entering, he was given a floorplan and after ascertaining in which direction was north-by north-south, he proceeded to the farthest corner of the arena where he tripped over his classmates who were amourously studying analytical geometry—that is, rounded figures and complex curves. He sat down upon the day-bed only to realize that there was someone hiding underneath. It was Mr. Fountain—doing his physics. Your reporter left shortly, confident that these earnest classmates of his would succeed in any enterprise they might undertake—red dog, billiards, bootlegging, etc.

The next stopover was the spacious plantation of Colonel (how are the state boards in Florida and if they're too difficult I'll go to Tahiti) Sussman, on Cumberland Street. He greeted us, Mint-Julip in hand, and invited us into his abode. Upon entering we immediately observed that our beloved Rebel was studying anatomy, for all over his walls were plastered diagrams of the Homo Sapiens known as the Varga Girl. The Colonel, too, was plastered.

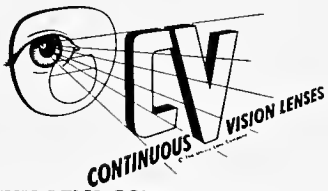
Alas and alack, the crushing burden of three courses had driven him to the most common exit of escape—Kentucky Bourbon and Vladivostok Borscht, fatal to the more ordinary human being. We immediately handed our blotter-like classmate the antidote—a stomach pump—and left the Colonel to read the directions.

The last lap of our itinerary led us to the unexplored region of Worcester where a red-headed aborigine was encountered, feasting on the raw atoms of a freshly-killed Carbon Molecule. Seated next to him was his better half—or in this case I should say his better four-fifths—applying a cold compress to his weary Buick. Through my Bay State interpreter I wished the concerned couple

(*Please turn to page* 16)

People are only as young as they see

℞ *Univis Continuous Vision Lenses*



THE UNIVIS LENS COMPANY, DAYTON 1, OHIO

"My Neck is Out"

By Lee Kauderer

From time to time comes a student's query, "Why are they teaching this or that subject when we could very well do without it?" This sort of question generally comes from the student who honestly wants to learn only the subjects he believes to be pertinent to optometry. We also have the student who says, "My only interest is refraction, so why this other stuff?" Although one view is somewhat narrower than the other, they are certainly equally fallacious.

Optometry is, comparatively, a fledgling among the healing professions. The scope of optometry is daily revealed to be increasing, so that it might be wiser to ask, "Can we possibly learn enough?"

Today, for the answer to many purely optometric problems, optometrists are turning away from their refracting chairs and entering the field of psychology, physiology, illumination, and so on.

Colleges of optometry have a duty to perform which goes far beyond the matriculation of capable doctors of optometry. It is a question not only of duty but of a vital need which must have constant fulfilment. From every graduating class must be produced men who will be the educators; the teachers of tomorrow. These men should be properly equipped. From every graduating class there must come men who can do the research for which our profession is crying. Finally, from every graduating class we must hope for men to write the text books our profession so sorely needs. Surely these men have whatever our science has to offer of its accrued knowledge.

We *must* not be content merely to be an adequate profession serving, with limitations, visual needs. We must be a great profession to which our fellow humans can say, "Here are our eyes, and the eyes of our children. We entrust them to you."

What is it to be? *Adequacy* or *greatness?* I think the path has already been chosen.

WHIRLPOOL

Feb. 18, 1950 — Richard E. Knecht

Blond lashes part
On sapphire orbs,
To dazzle souls
Whose glance they fall.

Whispering eyes,
(Gems of passion),
Pressing me close,
In lingering trance.

Warm, flickered lights
Glimmer mosaic shapes,
Kiss white skin
In red gown.

Cigarette cotton-puffs,
(Amoeboid ghosts),
Clouding a haze
Through torrid torch-songs.

Cocktails loosen whims,
Free the mind,
Release the will,
And soften hearts.

Wet, scarlet lips
Plead for love,
And off we go,
. . . To melt in Flame.

MARKS OF A PROFESSION

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Late Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States

The peculiar characteristics of a profession as distinguished from other occupations, I take to be these:

First: A profession is an occupation for which the necessary preliminary training is intellectual in character, involving knowledge and to some extent learning, as distinguished from mere skill.

Second: It is an occupation which is pursued largely for others and not merely for one's self.

Third: It is an occupation in which the amount of financial return is not the accepted measure of success.

The recognized professions . . . definitely reject the size of the financial return as the measure of success. They select as their test, excellence of performance in the broadest sense — and include among other things, advance in the particular occupation and service to the community. These are the basis of all worthy reputations in the recognized professions. In them a large income is the ordinary incident of success; but, he who exaggerates the value of the incident is apt to fail of real success.

TELEVISION

(*Continued from page 5*)

periments.

My theoretical results based on the one minute angle of resolution for 20/20 vision results in a *minimum* viewing distance of 3.77′ for a 10″ screen and 6.28′ for a 16″ screen. I have found these figures closer to the practical, comfortable viewing distances than the others that have been suggested. There are many factors which influence the proper viewing distance and only the viewer can determine what is the proper distance for his maximum comfort.

The aim of this article was to acquaint the reader with the visual problems and their solution of televiewing. I wish to acknowledge the assistance of the Electronics Division of the General Electric Company which furnished much of the technical television data.

THE END.

ETHICS

(*Continued from page 6*)

his ethics. The man who would pull a scale to make an extra few pennies on a pound of onions, the professional who would prescribe what is not needed would pick your pocket if he didn't have the sanctimonious cover of a business or a profession in which to do his robbing.

I can hear some people saying, "Idealism! but wait until he gets into practice." I also realize that there are men who would starve unless they were able to peddle an unneeded item or a faulty one. I feel compassion for them; I really do pity them and I gladly drop my money into the tin cup. Oh, the quality of mercy! What happens to the man, though, when he picks on one intelligent patient and prescribes that old standby Plano = Plano X 180 = Plano ^{A} B. I., O. U. no less. I think that that patient may make an end to the tin cup. Isn't that a practical consideration?

We all have standards that we live up to. We all have an idea of what could be classified as right and wrong. Perhaps in all of the maxims of our world there is no one statement that would apply here, as well as everywhere, more fittingly than, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." There is so much wisdom in those words. Do not think that I don't believe in "An eye for an eye," but that does not generally apply to some poor unsuspecting fool who crosses your threshold. I want for myself to live in a world where the greed and stink of it are embalmed, by the decency and strength that lives somewhere in all men, and buried by the ethics that they manifest. *MAYBE* that is too much to ask.

EDITORIAL

(*Continued from page 7*)

look for things to praise. Let us talk about how much our school has advanced in the past few years, of all the advances made in optometry. Let us not misguide people with our gripes, but let them know how we really feel about our profession and our school. Let us boost OPTOMETRY.

Thomas L. Vermes

FROSH

(*Continued from page 13*)

the best of luck and then made a hasty retreat.

Your reporter arrived home late that night, weary in body and soul but filled with a sense of humility that one feels when he sees greatness. He had visited the cream of the academic world—whipped cream, that is—and deep in his heart he knew that such determined courage and innate ability could overcome any obstacle, be it girl or woman, and that his fellow classmates would undoubtedly reach heights inconceivable to the minds of their predecessors—"Lucky Luciano," Mickey Cohen and "Baby-Faced" Nelson.

Biggest of thanks is extended to Colonel Sussman without whose assistance this article could not have been written. (Every author needs his scapegoat).